

Lust on the first Night

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Summary: completely drunk hiccup somehow ends up having a one night stand with some hot stranger. and he doesn't regret a thing. title is from chris crocker's song "i want your bite" rated M for nsfw content - jup, that means sex. one-shot!

Lust on the first Night

A/N: hello, reader (: this is my first nsfw fanfic, i didn't even know i had it in me to write someting like this :OO **let me tell you, i almost died of embarrassment while writing /_/**

please don't judge too hashly! enjoy :D

* * *

><p>The first thing that came clear in my mind is this hot shiver running down my back. (yes, I don't know how a hot shiver is possible either), my whole body shaking like mad, the way my body's temperature reached a point where I couldn't tell hot from cold anymore. It felt so weird.</p>

But I loved it.

The next thing I remember is the taste of alcohol in my mouth, dancing along my tongue and tickling my taste buds.

I never really liked the taste of alcohol. It was bitter and burned my throat. I didn't like its effects either, making me lose control and doing or saying stupid stuff I would later regret. Nope, can't say I was a fan of alcohol. But at that moment I couldn't have craved it more. The way it made me feel lightheaded (I guess there was quite a lot of it inside my bloodstreams as well at this point) and absolutely invincible. A nice change from my usually shy personality if I may say so myself.

I shivered again. Up until this point I didn't even remember I had my

eyes closed. I just realized as I opened them, meeting a blurry image of another pair of eyes, ice blue meeting forest green. Somewhere in the back of my mind a spark of confusion made me wonder why they were so freaking close. A spark of curiosity wondered who they belonged to or why I couldn't bring myself to look away. A spark of honesty found them gorgeous.

I ignored them all, way too unfocused to actually care about anything. (looking back at it I was probably just too drunk to actually think straight) Pushing back my thoughts I let my instincts run free, savoring all the sensations given to me. No logic or anything but raw feeling.

A sigh left my throat, escaping through my mouth, meeting another hot breath that didn't belong to me. I swallowed that breath, filling my lungs with it.

Slowly, the sensation of hot alcohol stinging my tongue left my mouth as those (gorgeous) eyes slowly moved back until I could actually make out the face they belonged to. It was just as beautiful. A smile framed those thin lips, grinning down at me as I just couldn't stop myself from staring at that beautiful face in front of me. My mind was too blank to actually realize that I had just broken a super hot kiss with a super hot stranger. Or maybe I just didn't care.

I felt the corners of my mouth going up, meeting his smile with one of my own, my over-consciousness about my weird way of smiling and my crooked teeth long forgotten.

He licked his lips in the most seductive way possible, those eyes piercing through mine. For a second I caught myself thinking if he could actually see my soul through them, if he was able to make out my very core. The thought faded as I discovered sparks of lust dancing along those ice blue irises.

Without thinking I dove in for another kiss, just as hot, but not as long. I realized the tongue bringing the taste of alcohol to my mouth was not my own but his, making me long for it even more. Our tongues danced, wild and full of lust as I tried to get more of that taste, not remembering anymore if I wanted the taste so I could kiss him or if I kissed him so I could have the taste.

He was the one to break it but not before smirking into it as a silent moan escaped my lips (of course my sense of embarrassment was at its lowest just then so I didn't pay it any mind).

Panting for air I found myself adoring the spark in his eyes again. The smile that played along his lips wasn't as innocent this time. It was devious, mischievous in some way but demanding at the same time, not to mention totally hot. I gladly obeyed.

Raising my chin and turning my eyes to the ceiling I granted him access to my neck. He understood the invitation and immediately dove in for freckled flesh, sucking on my Adam's apple before biting down (hard! But not enough to draw blood) earning a surprised yelp. A breathless laugh found its way to my ears, emphasized by the hot breath tingling my skin as his lips moved lower.

Greedily I curled my fingers into his hair, not even trying to be gentle as I tugged and pulled at them harshly. He didn't seem to

mind. On the contrary, it seemed to urge him further.

Leaning a trail of hickeys (that would later turn blue and purple from all the force he put into sucking) he finally met the cloth of my shirt. Challenging he bit down on that too before circling my hips with his hands, slowly letting them glide inside the shirt to explore before capturing the unwanted piece of cloth and pulling it above my head. I couldn't even make out the way he carelessly tossed it. I only realized I was mimicking his actions, undressing his as well, as I tossed his aside with an elegant movement of my wrist.

Not wasting any time he captured a nip of mine with his mouth. With my senses as hypersensitive as they were I couldn't help but throw back my head, pressing my eyes shut as a sharp breath left through gritted teeth. As he sucked gently I let my hands wander, gliding down pale flesh and rhythmically stroking his firm chest.

A bite made me halt my movements for a second before drowning in the sensation, finding myself enjoy the roughness. (though I would later probably deny it if asked about it)

Seeming amused by my reactions he continued on, drawing more noises from the depths of my throat I was unaware myself I could even make them, not to mention they were embarrassing as hell. But I didn't care. I loved this new experience, this newfound pleasure too much to question it.

His hands drew various patterns on my back, my shoulders, my chest, my stomach and moving lower. My breathes had started to come out as gasps and silent moans (seemingly music in his ears) but I couldn't help that stupid grin on my face " I'm glad I faced the ceiling so he wouldn't see it " as I lost myself in his touch.

Hooking his index fingers onto my waistband he started to oh so painfully slowly pull down my pants. Not even my fingers roughly pressing into his shoulders could make him move faster. No, he wanted to savor every little bit of torture he gave me, I just knew it from his teasing way of moving. But that dominant side of his was something I liked as well. It didn't give me the feeling of being belittled or of lower status, no, it made me feel craved for, needed even. I loved it.

His lips returned to mine, devouring me as his hands kept moving at their low pace. I could make out small noises coming from his mouth, mixing with mine and filling the room. Feeling encouraged I bit down on his lower lip, snaking my hands around his neck and moving one of my legs up for my heel to press into his spine, causing our groins to meet.

There were no small noises from this point onward anymore. He moaned loudly as I bit down on my bottom lip to suppress mine. He would have none of that. Crushing our lips together again and prying mine open with his tongue for teeth to clash he moved his groin against mine.

I forced myself not to break the kiss to throw back my head and moan. I wouldn't give in to his game. Just yet, that is. I knew I wouldn't be able to stand it for long but maybe it would be enough to draw out even more of him.

Seeming a little annoyed by my lack of responses (I was melting in his hands like butter in the sun, believe me, I just didn't show it) he took things one step further. Pressing his body weight against mine and kicking me in the ankle (not too hard) was enough to cause me to lose balance and fall back, never breaking the kiss.

I let out a groan at the unexpectedly soft impact as my back met cushions. The texture felt unfamiliar against my neck but oh so fluffy and comfortable I let the feeling of unfamiliarity slip my mind.

He supported most of his body weight with his arms next to my head, his fingers curling into my hair, as he towered over me, giving me a smirk that outright screamed "I'm in control! You're my bitch now!"

I returned the gesture, as if saying "I'm not your bitch until have me screaming your name!"

He laughed, showing off his set of perfectly white teeth, a new spark appearing aside from lust. "Challenge accepted!"

I laughed as well, not even finding it weird how we managed to converse with our eyes alone.

The relaxed atmosphere turned into an arousing one immediately again as his hands now finally pushed down my pants, stripping them off my legs without averting his gaze from my face for even a second. (how he managed to do that I will never know)

I didn't even feel cold as the cool air met my newly revealed skin. No, those goose bumps appeared for a different reason and he knew that as well. The shiver running down my body too. Right then my body was so hot I felt like burning up.

He didn't wait even one second to strip himself of his pants too with one hand (the other still holding up his body weight â€“ you know, gravity can be annoying sometimes) and tossing them away. Underpants followed seconds after, thrown in completely different directions (I think a part of my focus heard one of them hitting a wall or something).

Not that I hadn't noticed it before, but now that it stood there before me with a lack of cover of any sorts, revealing its full nudity I couldn't help but stare at the beauty at his body. Following his contours with my eyes I admired his pale skin, his well-built muscles, not too much but still visible. Yes, I definitely liked what I saw. A lot!

Caught off guard as he lowered his back for skin to meet skin I threw back my head and let out an embarrassingly loud groan. Yes, I gave in, unable to keep it in any longer. Damn this guy really knew how to push me over the edge. Not that I was complaining or anything, I damn well loved it.

His hands were starting to explore my most private areas as his lips settled on my neck again, taking advantage of my exposed neck to gently kiss the hickeys he had left before. Almost in an apologetic manner but no less proud.

Having his hand settle around my shaft and squeezing in rhythm with his kiss had me breathing heavily, my hands gripping the sheets in search for something to hold onto. My finger nails clawed into the cloth, desperate and needing.

His smirk might have appeared dominant but out of the corner of my eyes I saw his growing arousal, rock hard and ready to blow. Damn, that sight could not be described by any other word than outright delicious.

Wild whirls of pleasure kept sucking me in, allowing me escape for only one second, enough to catch my breath before tugging me in again. Every time my chest heaved it touched his.

His fingers moved up and down my arousal in a steady rhythm, his lips having long left my neck for his breathing stared to become more rapid as well. In an experimental way he gave little squeezes or increases of speed, carefully checking his boundaries and looking for my pleasure points.

When my noises became louder and precome started to meet his fingers he let go, leaving me to fall cruelly as I had found myself at new heights of pleasure. Instead his fingers moved along my sacks, giving a feather-light touch "damn, that tease!" before finding my entrance.

Admittedly I had never had sex before. I had never even watched porn (the embarrassment would have killed me!), leave alone gay porn. However, I wasn't stupid, a little naïve maybe, but definitely not stupid. I knew how this was going to go. I might have been a little (read: totally!) scared but at that moment there was no doubt in my mind that I wanted to give my virgin ass to this guy.

I watched him lick and suck his own three middle digits with clouded eyes, fear swallowed down and banned into the deepest corner of my mind. All I could concentrate on was his tongue moving between his fingers. I just knew he did that in an extra arousing manner to draw me out even more. I knew that. But I still worked better than I would ever admit.

Finally, after teasing smirks and anticipating breaths, the first finger went in. I squirmed at the uncomfortable feeling, feeling the wetness of his saliva running down one of my cheeks. The first one wasn't too bad. After a few times of moving in and out slowly to get me used to it it started to feel good, still odd, but definitely good.

The second one brought the pain, causing me to hiss silently through gritted teeth. He must have noticed because he moved his lips to capture mine in a passionate kiss that instantly blew every other sensation away. After a while of moving I got used to that as well.

The third one was the most painful, making me even forget his hot breath in my mouth as I squirmed around uncomfortably, my body rejecting the foreign intrusion and trying to get it out. He peppered kisses all over my face, trying to get me to relax. It took long for pleasure to finally reach me this time but when it did it did so overwhelmingly.

He smirked triumphal as a loud, long moan pried my mouth open and echoed inside the room (or at least it seemed like it did because it resounded in my ears). Damn, what did he do!?

Again. Trying to cover my mouth with the back of one of my hands I indulged in this feeling like never before. I was still embarrassed though, having such noises drawn from my throat and being unable to stop them from stupidly (and sometimes gurglingly) spilling from my lips. I could practically feel the amusement my reactions brought him as he kept stroking that exact spot inside me.

When he pulled out I immediately felt empty, already having become addicted to that pleasure I craved it again, so much it hurt. I whimpered, disappointed and demanding for him to get back in there!

He happily obliged (judging from that stupid grin on his face) as he positioned himself by my entrance and slowly pushed inside. Pain again. Damn, what was it with this constant change between pain and pleasure!? Was sex always like this!?

I couldn't bite down a low moan of pain and he kept pushing further inside. His hands finding their way back to my head again, his fingers tugged my hair gently and his lips rested just above where my collar bones met, his hot breath tingling on my skin. I practically gasped for air and suppressed a moan as he moved deeper, finally settling after what seemed like hours.

For a moment I wondered if this could actually feel good. To anybody! But I really appreciated him giving me a minute to adjust, returning to kissing my face to distract me. Even though it hurt like hell I found it sweet and couldn't bring myself to regret giving my first time to this guy.

When he started moving in a very slow pace both our breathing hitched, mine out of pain, his out of pleasure. Well, at least he was enjoying himself. (looking back at it now it could have been a lot worse. That guy was incredibly gentle considering how rough we were before)

It took a few minutes for me to realize that the pain was slowly starting to subside and the tune of my groans changing. He noticed too and pulled out almost completely, for only the tip was still inside and pushing back into that sweet spot that had me cry out in the neediest way possible and involuntarily thrust up my hips to meet his. His moan drowned in my louder noises but I still managed to make it out.

Finally on the same page again he increased the pace, still careful though, aiming for that sweet spot with every thrust. Damn, this was driving me crazy!

I threw my head back, eyes pressed together, senses going into overload every time pleasure cursed through my body, reaching the tip of my toes and leaving a small tingle behind before the motion repeated. Letting go of the sheets I threw my hands around his neck to bring him in for a messy kiss. Swallowing each other's noises and simply drowning in each other we kissed sloppily but with a lot of tongue and little bites.

He stared becoming rougher again when all pain had completely vanished. His playful nips drew a little bit of blood around my collar bone and his fingers gripped mine so tightly (I'm not sure at which point we had intertwined our hands) I was sure it'd leave bruises later.

I didn't give a damn. I loved it. Everything he did expressed his passion. The way he groaned against my skin, dug his teeth into my flesh, gripped onto me, thrust into me, I loved it all. I wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

We could feel each other coming closer to the edge, the noises growing louder and our breathing increasing even more. Every thrust seemed to come faster, sharper and with more force than the one before, yet still being too slow and not strong enough. There were no limits anymore. My mind was blank.

When one of his hands reached down to stroke my arousal I was completely thrown over the edge. I threw my head back into the sheets, my back arching, my whole body sweaty and hair sticking to my forehead. I didn't care. I wanted more and more!

I moaned, loud, over and over again, pleasure tingling my toes and making my face heat up. Every roll of his hips was met with mine, making both of us groan and gasping for air. (I'm surprised I managed not to choke on my own spit in the process, though I might have come close a few times)

Hitting my special spot one last time and stroking my length in a fast pace I finally cried out, losing control completely as my sight went white for a moment as sticky semen spurted all over our stomachs. He followed soon after, giving a few last thrust before he let himself go.

I could feel it fill me up inside. It was a weird feeling, but by no means unpleasant.

His sweaty forehead touched mine as he leaned down, exhaustedly breathing heavily. Not like I did any better, I felt like all energy had been sucked out of me.

I don't know how much time passed until he carefully pulled out and collapsed next to me, our eyes never breaking contact. Ice blue and forest green melting together. I managed a crooked grin which was returned with a perfectly sweet smile of his own.

His body scooped closer for his lips to reach mine for the â€| how many times had we kissed already ? The kiss was sweet, not lustful like before, simply fitting of this after-sex atmosphere.

And maybe it was my imagination, but it was a little bit lovingly as well.

Well, judging by the fact that he offered me his number (and name) afterwards it might have been true.

* * *

><p>AN: so that's it. maybe if people like it and review i might add a few chapters, for now it's a one-shot.**

i apologize for the lack of conversation but i thought body language is all that's needed in this situation, no words necessary.

if you deem the story decent enough i would appreciate it if you left a review (: they keep me motivated! criticism is always welcome as well as requests (via pm, please)!

thanks for reading (:

End
file.